RIP VAN WINKLE:

OPERA COMIQUE,

In Three Acts.

LIBRETTO BY

H. MEILHAC, PH. GILLE, AND H. B. FARNIE.

COMPOSED BY

ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

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CONTENTS.

ACT I.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Character	Description	Actor
RIP VAN WINKLE	(a Village Good-for-Nothing)	MR. FRED LESLIE.
DERRICK VAN SLOUS	(the Village Lawyer and Rip's Rival)	MR. W. S. PENLEY.
PETER VAN DUNK	(Burgomaster of Sleepy Hollow)	MR. LOUIS KELLEHER.
DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER	(Village Schoolmaster and Local Poet)	MR. E. WILMORE.
CAPTAIN HUGH ROWLEY	(of the British Army)	MR. FRED DARRELL.
NICK VEDDER	(Landlord of the "George III." Inn)	MR. LIONEL BROUGH.
GRETCHEN	(Wife of Rip Van Winkle)	MISS VIOLET CAMERON.
SARA	(Two of her Gossips)	MISS CLARA GRAHAM.
JACINTHA	(Two of her Gossips)	MISS CONSTANCE LEWIS.
KATRINA	(a Village Flirt—Daughter of Nick Vedder)	MISS SADIE MARTINOT.
LITTLE HARDCASE	(Clerk to Derrick)	MISS MADGE MILTON.
HANS	(his Nephew)	MISS EFFIE MASON.
	In ACT III. this *rôle* is played by MR. W. S. RISING.	
ALICE	(Rip's Little Daughter)	MISS ALICE VICAT.
TOM TIT	(Bugler to Rowley's Company)	MISS ROSIE MONCRIEFF.
LEEDLE JAN	(Katrina's Brother)	MASTER GOLLOP.
GAPE	(Waitress at the "George III.")	MISS GRACE HAWKE.
CAPTAIN HENDRIK HUDSON		MR. S. H. PERRY.
1ST LIEUTENANT		MR. W. S. RISING.
2ND LIEUTENANT		MISS CONSTANCE LEWIS.
3RD LIEUTENANT		MISS CLARA GRAHAM.
4TH LIEUTENANT		MISS ROSIE MONCRIEFF.
CABIN BOY		MISS MADGE MILTON.
THE GOBLIN STEWARD		MR. STOREY.
MASTER GUNNER		MR. M. VILLA.

The following changes take place in the Cast:—

Character	Description	Actor
ALICE VAN WINKLE	(Daughter of Rip—the Little Child of Act I.)	MISS VIOLET CAMERON.
LIEUT. HANS VAN SLOUS	(of the U.S. Frigate, "Constitution"—the Little Hans of Act I.)	MR. W. S. RISING.
JAN VEDDER	(Proprietor of the "George Washington Hotel"—Leedle Jan of Act I.)	MR. LIONEL BROUGH.
MAX SCHNEIDER	(Rural Postman)	MISS CLARA GRAHAM.
CHICKEN	(Potboy at the "Washington")	MISS R. MONCRIEFF.
MOPPS	(Chambermaid at the Inn)	MISS MADGE MILTON.

Dutch Girls (Friends of Katrina), Dutch Lads (Friends of Rip), Peasants of Sleepy Hollow, English Soldiers, Dutch Settlers, Midshipmen, Quartermasters, Sailors, &c., &c.

The "Pas de Fascination" danced by MISS ADA WILSON, as The Rhine Fay.

OVERTURE.


Allegro risoluto.
PIANO.
risoluto.
Allegretto.
leggieramente.

IV.


ff
Moderato.
Hautb.
Un poco animato.
SOLO. lentement ad lib.
Andante cantabile.
Pist.
rall.

V.




Allegro risoluto.
ff
ff
ff
ff
Tempo di Valse.
sans presser.
Espressivo.
piu animato.
molto rall.


Allegretto.
leggiero
ff
ff
Moderato assai.

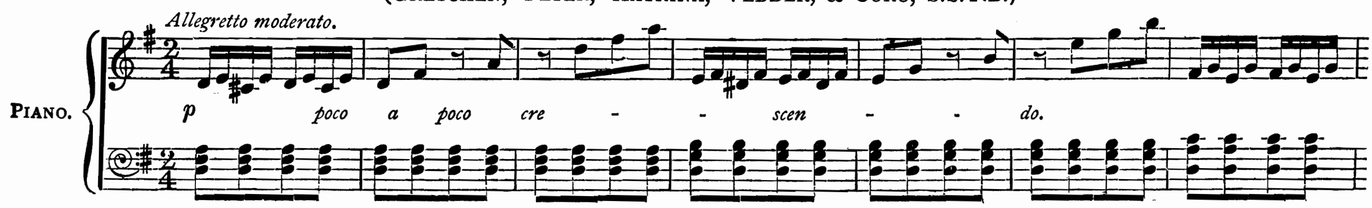

ff
un poco animato.
cre - - - scen - - - - - - - do.
cre - - - - - scen - - - - - - do.
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff

RIP VAN WINKLE.

ACT I.

No. 1. (a) CHORUS—"Far and Near." (b) SCENE—"On this Solemnity." (c) COUPLETS—"Sweet Sir!"

(GRETCHEN, PETER, KATRINA, VEDDER, & CORO, S.S.T.B.)





(Villagers grouped. Peasants raise a signboard on Inn R., *with head of George III. Enter* VEDDER *and* KATRINA *and serve drink.)*






(pointing to sign.)
Though he rules from o'er the sea, Faith-ful col - o- nists are we. . . What a mien, and what a
Though he rules from o'er the sea, Faith-ful col - o- nists are we. . . What a mien, and what a
Though he rules from o'er the sea, Faith-ful col - o- nists are we. . .
grace! What a fine, ma - jes - tic face! It al-most is a shame, we're think - ing,
grace! What a fine, ma - jes - tic face! It al-most is a shame, we're think - ing,
Ah! what a grace! Ah! what a face! is a shame, we're think - ing,
To make him thus pre - side o'er drink - ing! To make him thus pre - side o'er drink -
To make him thus pre - side o'er drink - ing! To make him thus pre - side o'er drink -
To make him thus pre - side o'er drink - ing! To make him thus pre - side o'er drink -


piu animato.
- ing! Yet, it is a com - mon thing Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our vil - lage is be -
- ing! Yet, it is a com - mon thing Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our vil - lage is be -
- ing! Yet, it is a com - mon thing Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our vil - lage is be -
piu animato.
rit.
- stirr'd, So to hon - our George the Third, So to hon - our George the Third!
- stirr'd, So to hon - our George the Third, So to hon - our George the Third!
- stirr'd, So to hon - our George the Third, So to hon - our George the Third!
Allegretto leggiero.
(Enter MYNHEER PETER. Omnes. The Burgomaster! (salutes.)
PETER.
On this sol - em - - - - - ni - ty right
roy - - - al, Where is that va - ga - bond dis - loy - - - - al? Where's

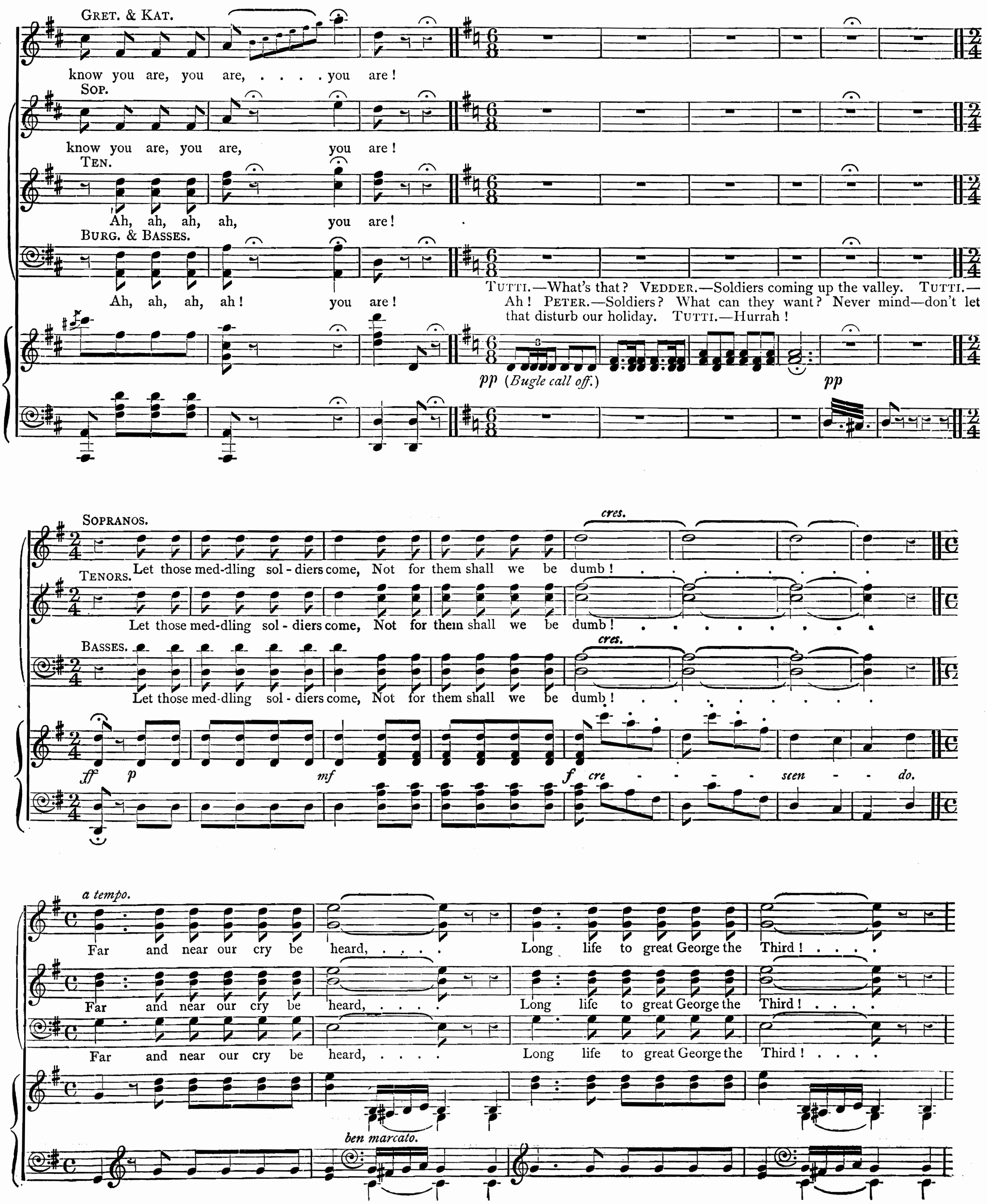

CORO. PETER. CORO. PETER.
Rip van Win-kle, eh? Don't know. Can a-ny of you say? Don't know. Ah! well, sing on— and for this he shall pay!
ff
SOPRANOS.
Yes! it is a com-mon thing Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our vil-lage is be-stirr'd, So to hon-our George the Third! So to hon-our George the Third!
TENORS.
Yes! it is a com-mon thing Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our vil-lage is be-stirr'd, So to hon-our George the Third! So to hon-our George the Third!
BASSES.
Yes! it is a com-mon thing Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our vil-lage is be-stirr'd, So to hon-our George the Third! So to hon-our George the Third!
ff
rit.


KATRINA.
Here comes Rip's wife; Gretch-en, on my life!
(Enter GRETCHEN.)
GRETCHEN.
Meno mosso.
pp
Mynheer! . . . . don't be hard on Rip, I pray!
Meno mosso.
Stent.
For my poor sake, O'er hill and brake, He wan-ders wea-ry night and day! . . . . .
colla parte.
pomposo.
PETER.
Pooh! pooh! pooh! pooh! make no ex - cu - ses, Gretch - en, you're pa - tient o - ver much
Of Rip, and his e - ter - nal a - bu - ses! Shame on the fel - low, that he's Dutch!


ad lib.
Not in all Kaats-kill keeps a - way . . One col - o - nist, save Rip, to - day !
cre - - - - - - scen - - - - - do. colla parte. f
Gretchen.
You'll be kind, I can.. see, That my heart's di - vin - ing, Such a head sure must be Pit - y - ward in - clin - ing.
Tempo di Polka non troppo.
Katrina.
Now a smile all a - glow O'er his face is break - ing ! Do not look at me so, You're so ve - ry tak - ing !
p
Burgomaster.
Gretchen.
Ah ! go 'long. No, no, you couldn't if you would, Keep up an an - gry mood !
f
p


BURGOMASTER.
There you're wrong!
GRETCHEN.
No, no, we will not go a - way, Un - til we've had our way!
f
p
BURGOMASTER.
Tempt me not!
KATRINA.
And, prithee, where-fore shouldn't I? Yes, cer - tain - ly, I'll try!
f
p
GRETCHEN & KATRINA.
O please, sir, don't be cru - el, For cle-men-cy's a jew - el! And for you aye we'll e - ver, e - ver pray!
BURGOMASTER.
No! no! no! no, no, no!
p
Your heart you will not hard - en, And poor Rip you will par - don For our sake!
dolce.
no! no! Me you won't shake!
dolce.


GRETCHEN & KATRINA.
You'll be kind, I can see, That our heart's di - vin - ing; Such a head sure must be
BURGOMASTER.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah ah,
TENORS.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah,
BASSES.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah,
GRET. & KAT.
Pit - y ward in - clin - ing. Now a smile all a - glow O'er his face is break - ing,
SOP.
Now a smile all a - glow O'er his face is break - ing,
TEN.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
BURG. & BASSES.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
G. & K. Piu animato.
Do not look at me so, You're so ve - ry tak - ing! Yes, you are, you
SOP.
Do not look at them so, You're so ve - ry tak - ing! Yes, you are, you
TEN.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah,
BURG. & BASSES.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah,


Gret. & Kat.
know you are, you are, ... you are!
Sop.
know you are, you are, you are!
Ten.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, you are!
Burg. & Basses.
Ah, ah, ah, ah! you are!
Tutti.—What's that? Vedder.—Soldiers coming up the valley. Tutti.—Ah! Peter.—Soldiers? What can they want? Never mind—don't let that disturb our holiday. Tutti.—Hurrah!
pp (Bugle call off.)
pp
Sopranos.
cres.
Let those med-dling sol-diers come, Not for them shall we be dumb! . . . .
Tenors.
Let those med-dling sol-diers come, Not for them shall we be dumb! . . . .
Basses.
cres.
Let those med-dling sol-diers come, Not for them shall we be dumb! . . . .
ff p mf f cre - - - - scen - - do.
a tempo.
Far and near our cry be heard, ... Long life to great George the Third! . . . .
Far and near our cry be heard, ... Long life to great George the Third! . . . .
Far and near our cry be heard, ... Long life to great George the Third! . . . .
ben marcato.


(pointing to sign.)
Though he rules from o'er the sea, Faith-ful col - o- nists are we. . . What a mien, and what a
Though he rules from o'er the sea, Faith-ful col - o- nists are we. . . What a mien, and what a
Though he rules from o'er the sea, Faith-ful col - o- nists are we. . .
grace! What a fine, ma - jes - tic face! It al-most is a shame, we're think - ing,
grace! What a fine, ma - jes - tic face! It al-most is a shame, we're think - ing,
Ah! what a grace! Ah! what a face! is a shame, we're think - ing,
To make him thus pre - side o'er drink - ing! To make him thus pre - side o'er drink -
To make him thus pre - side o'er drink - ing! To make him thus pre - side o'er drink -
To make him thus pre - side o'er drink - ing! To make him thus pre - side o'er drink -


piu animato.
- ing! Yet, it is a com-mon thing, Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our vil-lage is be-stirr'd, So to hon-our George the
- ing! Yet, it is a com-mon thing, Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our vil-lage is be-stirr'd, So to hon-our George the
- ing! Yet, it is a com-mon thing, Thus to use one's Queen or King, And our vil-lage is be-stirr'd, So to hon-our George the
rit.
Third, So to hon-our George the Third!
Third, So to hon-our George the Third!
Third, So to hon-our George the Third!
mf
(Dialogue.)
pp
ppp

No. 2. EXIT OF PEASANTS, &c. (S.S.T.B.)



No. 3. AIR—"Oh! where's my Girl?"—Rip van Winkle.




dim.
so... But then I know— just what I know! . . . A day is coming when I'll gai - ly sing,
dim.
f
Ped. *
p
Tra la la la, la la la la! That day is com-ing, ay! is on the wing! Tra la la la la la la la! . .
f
rit.
p
f
Ped.
rit.
f
Allegretto grazioso.
2. Come, lit - tle wife, . . yes! come and scold me, (I'm
Ped. * Ped. *
ad lib.
scold - ed first, and then I'm kiss'd!) And in your arms a cap-tive hold me, I pro - mise you I won't re -
marcato.
colla parte.


tempo.
sist! I own that I'm a dread - ful crea - ture, The par - son says it, so it's
tempo.
marcato.
Ped.
Ped.
a piacere.
piu.
right, With - out one sole re - deem - ing feat - ure, That is his ser - mon day and night. And
mf
p colla parte.
dim.
all the vil - lage goes on so... But then I know—just what I know! . . . . . A
piu pp
dim.
Ped.
f
p
f
day is com - ing when I'll gai - ly sing, Tra la la la, la la la la! That day is com - ing, ay! is
f
p
f
rit.
on the wing! Tra la la la la la la la! . .
rit.
f
Ped.

No. 4. CANOE SONG for Two Voices—"Where floweth the Wild Mohawk River."—(Gretchen and Rip.)




G.
R.
Gretchen.
Would it were
fo - rest and foam, Far let us roam, There, on - ly there, be our home!
cres.
dim.
legato.
meno.
so! but, ah! I fear Ri - vals a - field to you more dear.
Ri - vals a -
meno.
piacere.
tempo 1mo.
List while I tell you what I mean! The
rit.
- field? Not so, my queen, Tell me, my queen, What ri - vals you
colla parte.
pp rit - ard - ando.
tempo 1mo.
fo - rest! The wild ri - ver flow - ing! The blue heav'n, the fro - lic gale blow - ing!
mean!


poco rit.
G.
Gun and ca - noe! Gun and ca - noe! En - joy - ment for one, not for two! . . . E -
R.
My ca - noe! My ca - noe! Why not for two? . .
poco rit.
Ped.
G.
- nough for you, and for you on - - - ly, Whilst I in my sol - i - tude lone - ly
p
*
f
dim.
ad lib.
G.
Pine . . . . for the home . . . . I left for the de - sert to roam!
Rip.
R.
There . . . be our home, ... O'er fo - rest and foam we will roam!
dim.
ad lib.
piu mosso.
Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.
*
G.
Ah! . . . your ca - noe, . . . Though e - nough for one's not e - nough, love, for two!
R.
Come! . . . my ca - noe . . . In the ra - - pid ri - ver is wait - ing for you!
p leggiero.
cres.
dim.



No. 5. CHORUS OF COWARDS—"Can't you See?"—(T.T.B.B.)




Is there a-ny-thing a-bout us looks like re-cruits?) Yes! of course we're will-ing,
Is there a-ny-thing a-bout us looks like re-cruits?) Yes! of course we're will-ing,
f
p
pp
(to CAPTAIN.)
(Catch us take the shil-ling! All our mar-tial ar-dour is in our boots!) We
(Catch us take the shil-ling! All our mar-tial ar-dour is in our boots!)
Allegretto ben mesurato.
wish... we are... En-list-ing's not our trade! Pol-troons... Pol-
to say... a-fraid! We are a-fraid, we are a-fraid, Pol-troons we are, Yes! we are,
-troons, With no ap-pe-tite for war! . . For brave... ah! brave...
yes, we are! With no ap-pe-tite for war! . . we are not, we are not!


Sub-sti-tutes, too, can be bought! To life... To life... More than ev-'ry o-ther thing!
Sub-sti-tutes, too, can be bought! do we cling, do we cling More than ev-'ry o-ther thing!
p
More than ev-'ry o-ther thing! We frank-ly own pol-troons we are, And
p
More than ev-'ry o-ther thing! We frank-ly own pol-troons we are, We own pol-troons we are!
pp
have no ap-pe-tite for war!
f
With-out the slight-est ap-pe-tite for war!
f
vivo.
mf
Ped.

No. 6. LEGEND OF THE KAATSKILS—"Oh! Beware!"

(Gretchen & Chorus, S.S.T.B.)




leggieramente.
pall! . . . . Oh! be - ware! take care, take
senza ritard.
stent.
care! Who-so-e'er thou art, by the dark . . glen stray - ing! Ne - ver dare to lin - ger there, By the tran-cèd
colla parte.
so - li-tude spell-bound de - lay-ing! Spi - rits in the pale moon-light, From a long-for-got - ten past glide
colla parte.
by, Mor - tals to their doom in - vite, Hearken not the weird tempta-tion, fly, oh! fly!
Sopranos.
Oh! be -
Tenors.
Oh! be -
Basses.
Oh! be -
Ped.


- ware! take care, take care! Who-so-e'er thou art, by the dark. . glen stray-ing, Ne-ver dare to lin-ger
- ware! take care, take care! Who-so-e'er thou art, by the dark. . glen stray-ing, Ne-ver dare to lin-ger
- ware! take care, take care! Who-so-e'er thou art, by the dark glen stray-ing, Ne-ver dare to lin-ger
GRETCHEN.
Hearken not the weird tempta-tion, fly, oh, fly!
there! Hearken not the weird tempta-tion, fly, oh, fly!
there! Hearken not the weird tempta-tion, fly, oh, fly!
there! Hearken not the weird tempta-tion, fly, oh, fly!
agitato molto.
dim.
Ped.
GRETCHEN.
2. Folks say that each de-mon, Once was dar-ing sea-man, That with Hud-son brave Had
p



* The old Dutch name for a land-locked bay of the Hudson river.


stent.
care! Who-so-e'er thou art, by the dark . . . glen stray-ing, Ne-ver dare to lin-ger there, By the tran-cèd
colla parte.
stent.
sol-i-tude spell-bound de-lay-ing! Spi-rits in the pale moon-light, From a long-for-got-ten past, . . glide
pp
colla parte.
by, Mor-tals to their doom in-vite, Heark-en not the weird tempta-tion, fly! oh, fly!
SOPRANOS.
f
Oh! be-
TENORS.
f
Oh! be-
BASSES.
f
Oh! be-
ff
Ped.
f


- ware! take care, take care! Who-so-e'er thou art, by the dark . . glen stray-ing, Ne-ver dare to lin-ger
- ware! take care, take care! Who-so-e'er thou art, by the dark . . glen stray-ing, Ne-ver dare to lin-ger
- ware! take care, take care! Who-so-e'er thou art, by the dark glen stray-ing, Ne-ver dare to lin-ger
GRETCHEN.
Heark-en not the weird tempta-tion, fly, oh, fly!
there! Heark-en not the weird tempta-tion, fly, oh, fly!
there! Heark-en not the weird tempta-tion, fly, oh, fly!
there! Heark-en not the weird tempta-tion, fly, oh, fly!
ff
agitato molto.
dim.
Ped.
*

No. 7. (a) TRIO—" Ere the Marriage Contract." (b) AIR—" These Little Heads."

(Rip van Winkle and the Children.)




Hans.
Rip.
dol ly! I'll bring her birds'-nests ev - 'ry day! But if my girl's her hus-band flout - ing, Or if my
son - in-law's too gay? . . E - ven then, he'd ne'er find me pout - ing! And I'd just let her flout a -
Alice.
Hans.
pp
- way! But days are long . . in sum-mer time? We'll go a - nut - ting in the wood! But when they're
Rip.
Alice.
Rip.
mf
Alice. pp rit.
We'll be hap - py as man and wife!
Hans.
O slid-ing's fa - mous, snow-ball-ing good! We'll be hap - py as man and wife!
white with win-ter's rime? (Ah! how lit - tle they know of life!)
colla parte.


Allegro assai.
ALICE.
And we'll seek to - ge - ther Li - lies by the lake, Ber - ries in the hea - ther, Fire - flies
leggiero.
pp Allegro assai.
in the brake! . . Yes! we'll seek to ge - ther Li - lies by the lake,
HANS.
Yes! we'll seek to - ge - ther Li - lies by the lake.
RIP.
Yes! we'll seek to - ge - ther Li - lies by the lake,
mf
p
A.
Ber - ries in the hea - ther, Fire - flies in the brake, . Ber - ries in the
H.
Ber - ries in the hea - ther, Fire - flies in the brake, Ber - ries in the
R.
Ber - ries in the hea - ther, Fire - flies in the brake, Ber - ries in the
Ped.
Ped.


A.
hea ther, Fire - flies in the brake ! Ber - ries in the hea - ther, Fire - flies in the
H.
hea - ther, Fire - flies in the brake ! Ber - ries in the hea - ther, Fire - flies in the
R.
hea - ther, Fire - flies in the brake ! Ber - ries in the hea - ther, Fire - flies in the
A.
brake !
H.
brake !
R.
moderato non troppo.
brake ! Brave boy ! and thou, my flax- en-head-ed daugh - ter ! Why must I tell you these fair things shall die ? The ber-ry
f
R.
ad lib.
red, the li - ly by the wa - ter ; That for you dark days may be nigh ? . . . These lit- tle
animato.
ff


Moderato con espressione.
R.
heads, now gold - en, Silver'd one day may be, Trembling, and frail, and
old - en, (That day I may not see!) But though flow - ers may per - ish, And though
youth may de - cay, Still your love, dear ones, cher - - ish, For love is young for . .
dolce. rit.
rit.
p
Ped.
*
ALICE. pp
We'll love each o- ther, and for aye! We'll love each o- ther, and for aye! . .
HANS. pp
We'll love each o- ther, and for aye! We'll love each o- ther, and for aye! . .
aye! . . for aye! . .
pp
rit.
ppp
un poco rit.

No. 8. RONDO—"The Village Well."—(Katrina & Chorus, S.S.)




KATRINA.
meno mosso.
pes.
Hea-vy sometimes the oak-en buck-et, And if the fel-lows pass this way, From our hands they will quickly
8va.
meno mosso.
pes.
rit.
TUTTI. vivo.
pluck it, Hard work is ve-ry bad for girls, they say! And we all of us say, The buck-et is ex-tra hea-vy to-
colla parte.
vivo.
f
rit.
1mo tempo.
day! Or o-ther-wise we'd not al-low These young men to dal-ly with us now! 'Tis the
rit.
pizz.
1mo tempo.
hour we girls ne'er fail, With a pitch-er and a tale, At the old draw-well! At the old draw-


well! As the buck - et slow - ly brings the wa - ter clear, All the gos - sip we have time to hear!
And a lot they tell at the well!
KATRINA. meno mosso.
E'en with
8va.
f
meno mosso.
men's help it is a - maz - ing, How long our pitch - ers take to fill! Al - so when to our shoul - der
pes.
pes.
rais - ing, How apt these pitchers somehow are to spill... Pitch - ers fre - quent-ly will! And all by themselves tip
rit.
TUTTI. vivo.
colla parte.
vivo.


f
rit.
up and spill! And then the fel-lows *must* re-main, Just to fill our pitch-ers o'er a-gain!
rit.
pizz.
1mo tempo.
'Tis the hour we girls ne'er fail, With a pitch-er and a tale, At the old draw-
1mo tempo.
well! At the old draw-well! As the buck-et slow-ly brings the wa-ter clear, All the
gos-sip we have time to hear! And a lot they tell at the well! ah!
ff

No. 9. FINALE, ACT I.—“When I Come Back.”—(Tutti e Coro.)





* In representation, the Finale begins here.


G.
K.
J.
K.
R.
V.
Pray Heav'n he be not hear - ing The voi - ces of the
fear - ing, He'll soon be home a - gain!
fear - ing, He'll soon be home a - gain!
fear - ing, He'll soon be home a - gain!
What mat - ter if I'm hear - ing The voi - ces of the
fear - ing, He'll soon be home a - gain!
G.
K.
J.
K.
R.
V.
glen! And ere bright morn is
Pray Heav'n he be not hear - ing The voi - ces of the glen!
Pray Heav'n he be not hear - ing The voi - ces of the glen!
Pray Heav'n he be not hear - ing The voi - ces of the glen!
glen, the glen? And ere bright morn is
Pray Heav'n he be not hear - ing The voi - ces of the glen!


G.
burn - ing, Up - on the moun-tain grey, I'll see my love re - turn - ing, To kiss my tears a - way, My
K.
Her
J.
Her
K
Her
R
burn - ing, Up - on the moun-tain grey, You'll see me, love, re - turn - ing, To kiss your tears a - way, Your tears a -
V.
Her
dolce.
rit.
G.
love will be re - turn - ing, To kiss my tears a - way! My love will be re - turn - ing, To
K.
love will be re - turn - ing, To kiss her tears a - way! Her love will be re - turn - ing, To
J.
love will be re - turn - ing, To kiss her tears a - way! Her love will be re - turn - ing, To
love will be re - turn - ing, To kiss her tears a - way! Her love will be re - turn - ing, To
R.
- way! . . . . . . a - - - way, a - way! . . . . . .
V.
love will be re - turn - ing, To kiss her tears a - way! Her love will be re - turn - ing, To
dolce.
rit.


G.
K.
J.
K.
R.
V.
rit.
pp tempo.
kiss my tears a - way! A - way with doubt and fear - ing, He'll soon be home a - gain!
kiss her tears a - way! A - way with doubt an
kiss her tears a - way! A - way with doubt and
kiss her tears a - way! A - way with doubt and
a - - way! A - way with doubt and fear - ing, I'll soon be home a - gain, a - gain!
kiss her tears a - way! A - way with doubt and
pp
Pray Heav'n he be not hear - ing The voi - ces of the glen, Pray
fear - ing, He'll soon be home a - gain! Pray
fear - ing, He'll soon be home a - gain! Pray
fear - ing, He'll soon be home a - gain! Pray
What mat - ter if I'm hear - ing The voi - ces of the glen? What
fear - ing, He'll soon be home a - gain! Pray


G.
Heav'n he be not hear-ing The voi-ces of the glen!
K.
Heav'n he be not hear-ing The voi-ces of the glen!
J.
Heav'n he be not hear-ing The voi-ces of the glen!
K.
Heav'n he be not hear-ing The voi-ces of the glen!
R.
mat-ter if I'm hear-ing The voi-ces of the glen?
V.
Heav'n he be not hear-ing The voi-ces of the glen!
(Entrance of DERRICK & BURGOMASTER.)
più animato.
cre - - - - scen - - do. rit.
DERRICK.
Our dear Rip off a-gain? Let's hope it is an
Moderato.
p
er - - - - ror! Ah!
GRETCHEN (aside).
(That dreadful man! He fills my heart with ter-ror!)


RIP.
(Kisses GRETCHEN and turns up.)
DERRICK (stopping him).
Yes! that is so... Off I go! . .
Your
leggieramente.
charm-ing wife thus quit - ting? No, no! that's not be - fit - - - - ting!
GRETCHEN.
DERRICK.
(Sternly.)
RIP.
GRETCHEN.
That's what I say! You hear? I, too, say nay! You too? You
cres.
DERRICK.
RIP.
DERRICK.
ben mesurato.
too? I too! Say nay? Say nay! To pay with in - t'rest what you are
moderato.
animato.
ff


owing, Is honest, you need not be told; But he who takes it would fain be knowing Where and from
whom you got the gold? . . Yes! he who takes it would fain be knowing Where and from whom you got the
Rɪᴘ.
Dᴇʀʀɪᴄᴋ. rit.
Rɪᴘ. (confused).
tempo.
gold! From whom? and where? Quite so! Where got you this gold? I have no re-col-lec-
ritard.
tempo.
Dᴇʀʀɪᴄᴋ.
tion! I have no re-col-lec-tion! These ve-ry coins now aid in your de-


Rip.
- tec - tion! Your gra-cious king, and us too, you have sold, . . . (Ah! traitor vile!) for French gold! Li - ar! 'tis
f
ff
(Seizes Derrick.) Omnes.—Ah! (They separate them.)
Derrick.
false! . . . .
At last he's con - fess'd!
Moderato.
rit.
(movement.)
This spy, this vil - lage pest! And you have struck a blow!
Rip van Win - kle, look to your - self! You would have force? Be it


GRETCHEN. vivo.
'Tis with in - dig - na - tion, That his charge I hear!
KATRINA.
'Tis with in - dig - na - tion, That his charge I hear!
JACINTHA.
'Tis with in - dig - na - tion, That his charge I hear!
KNICKERBOCKER.
'Tis with in - dig - na - tion, That his charge I hear!..
RIP.
'Tis with in - dig - na - tion, That his charge I hear!
VEDDER.
'Tis with in - dig - na - tion, That his charge I hear!..
BURGOMASTER.
so! (exit DERRICK.)
'Tis with in - dig - na - tion, That his charge I hear!..
SOPRANOS.
'Tis with in - dig - na - tion, That his charge we hear!
TENORS.
'Tis with in - dig - na - tion, That his charge we hear!..
BASSES.
'Tis with in - dig - na - tion, That his charge we hear!..
vivo.
ff
f


G.
Ma - lice lurks be - hind his words, and in each tone; For this ac - cu - sa - tion,
K.
Ma - lice lurks be - hind his words, and in each tone; For this ac - cu - sa - tion,
J.
Ma - lice lurks be - hind his words, and in each tone; For this ac - cu - sa - tion,
K.
Ma - lice lurks be - hind his words, and in each tone; For this ac - cu - sa - tion,
R.
Ma - lice lurks be - hind his words, and in each tone; For this ac - cu - sa - tion,
V.
Ma - lice lurks be - hind his words, and in each tone; For this ac - cu - sa - tion,
B.
Ma - lice lurks be - hind his words, and in each tone; For this ac - cu - sa - tion,
Ma - lice lurks be - hind his words, and in each tone; For this ac - cu - sa - tion,
Ma - lice lurks be - hind his words, and in each tone; For this ac - cu - sa - tion,
Ma - lice lurks be - hind his words, and in each tone; For this ac - cu - sa - tion,


G.
it is ve - ry clear, Means re - venge on Rip, re - venge, and that a - lone! . .
K.
it is ve - ry clear, Means re - venge on Rip, re - venge, and that a - lone! . .
J.
it is ve - ry clear, Means re - venge on Rip, re - venge, and that a - lone! . .
K.
it is ve - ry clear, Means re - venge on Rip, re - venge, and that a - lone! . .
R.
it is ve - ry clear, Means re - venge on me, re - venge, and that a - lone! . .
V.
it is ve - ry clear, Means re - venge on Rip, re - venge, and that a - lone! . .
B.
it is ve - ry clear, Means re - venge on Rip, re - venge, and that a - lone! . .
it is ve - ry clear, Means re - venge on Rip, re - venge, and that a - lone! . .
it is ve - ry clear, Means re - venge on Rip, re - venge, and that a - lone! . .
it is ve - ry clear, Means re - venge on Rip, re - venge, and that a - lone! . .
f
Ped.
(The terror-stricken peasants surround RIP and urge him to fly, in undertones.)


Sopranos.
pp
The red-coats, Rip, be - ware, Beware their leaden pills, Be off, man, like a hunted hare, Off to the hills!
Tenors.
pp
The red-coats, Rip, be - ware, Beware their leaden pills, Be off, man, like a hunted hare, Off to the hills!
Basses.
pp
The red-coats, Rip, be - ware, Beware their leaden pills, Be off, man, to the hills!
pp stacc.
(Rip grasps their hands warmly—the villagers then group up stage.)
(to Gretchen.)
R.
My dar-ling!
Though we, a - las! now se - ver,
Hautb.
p
Hautb.
R.
With the heart full of pain, . . . Thou art yet mine for e - ver, Ay! we'll meet, love, a - gain. Yes! we'll
G.
Gretchen.
Though we, a - las! now se - ver, With the heart full of pain, . . .
R.
meet, . . . love, a - gain! . . . Though we, a - las! now se - ver, With the heart full of pain, . . .


G.
Thou art yet mine for e - ver, Thou art yet mine for e - ver! Ay! we'll meet, love, . . a -
R.
Thou art yet mine for e - ver, Thou art yet mine for e - ver! Ay! we'll meet, love, . . a -
gain!
gain!
Tenors & Basses.
What's that we hear?
Omnes. The soldiers!
(March.)
f
pp
Katrina.
There they come! . . . .
Burgomaster.
Fly, oh, fly! . .
Vedder.
Fly, oh, fly!
Gretchen.
Ay! quickly go... Lest your retreat they know!
poco piu. Rip (laughing.)
As for that, as for that, They'll not dare to show their face Around a- bout my hid - ing place! I fear no mor - tal foe! . . . . .
poco piu.
(Taking his gun.)


Rip. rit.
Whith-er now I shall go!
Listen, friends, if you'd know, Where I go!
Gretchen and Katrina with Sopranos.
pp
Where do you go?
Knickerbocker with Tenors.
Where do you go?
Burgomaster and Vedder with Basses.
pp
Where do you go? Where do you go?
ff
animato.
pp
colla parte.
Moderato assai.
From deep for-est hoa-ry, Lift in aw-ful glo-ry, Moun-tains grey and old, That
Moderato assai.
mys-t'ry and tra-di-tion hold; Ne-ver mor-tal dar-ing, Thith-er reck-less far-ing,
Ped.
E'er re-turn'd the tale, To mai-den pale to tell! There all na-ture slum-bers,
Ped.


Torrents still their numbers, Silence over all, Throws her drowsy pall! . . . .
dim.
Ped.
GRETCHEN.
Oh! beware! take care, take care! If so be thou
SOPRANOS.
No! no!
TENORS.
No! no!
BASSES.
No! no!
senza ritard.
p
stent.
art by the dark . . glen straying! Never dare to linger there, By the trancèd solitude spell-bound delaying!
colla parte.
Spirits in the pale moonlight, From a long-forgotten past . . glide by, Mortals
SOPRANOS.
pp
Spirits in the pale moonlight, Mortals
TENORS.
Spirits in the pale moonlight, Mortals
BASSES.
Spirits in the pale moonlight, Mortals
colla parte.


Tutti.
to their doom in - vite! Hearken not their weird temp-ta - tion, fly! oh! fly! Oh, be - ware! take care, take
to their doom in - vite! fly! oh! fly! Oh, be - ware! take care, take
to their doom in - vite! fly! oh! fly! Oh, be - ware! take care, take
to their doom in - vite! fly! oh! fly! Oh, be - ware! take care, take
p
care! If so be thou art by the dark . . glen stray - ing, Ne - ver dare to lin - ger there, By the tran-cèd
care! If so be thou art by the dark . . glen stray - ing, Ne - ver dare to lin - ger there, By the tran-cèd
care! If so be thou art by the dark . . glen stray - ing, Ne - ver dare to lin - ger there, By the tran-cèd
care! If so be thou art by the dark . . glen stray - ing, Ne - ver dare to lin - ger there, By the tran-cèd


Gretchen.
ff
Spi - rits in the pale moon - light, From a long-for - got - ten past . glide
Katrina.
Spi - rits in the pale moon - light, From a long-for - got - ten past . . glide
Jacintha.
Spi - rits in the pale moon - light, From a long-for - got - ten past . . glide
Knickerbocker.
Spi - rits in the pale moon - light, From a long-for - got - ten past . . glide
Rip. (laughs in derision).
Burgomaster.
Spi - rits in the pale moon - light, From a long-for - got - ten past . . glide
Vedder.
Spi - rits in the pale moon - light, From a long-for - got - ten past . . glide
so-litude spell-bound de - laying. Spi - rits in the pale moon - light, From a long-for - got - ten past . . glide
so-litude spell-bound de - laying. Spi - rits in the pale moon - light, From a long-for for - ten past . . glide
so-litude spell-bound de - laying. Spi - rits in the pale moon - light, From a long-for - got - ten past . . glide
fff



(*Enter on last bar* DERRICK *and English soldiers, who level their pieces at* RIP. *He springs on rustic bridge at back.* GRETCHEN *throws herself before the guns of the soldiers. Picture, and curtain quick.*)



ACT II.

(a) ENTR'ACTE. (b) MELODRAME.





(Curtain rises.)
ff
p
ff
(Entrance of RIP. as if pursued.)
p
p Moderato assai.
(Dialogue.)
p
pp
ppp
timb.

SCENE I.

No. 10.—(a) LANTERN CHORUS—" By the Thicket."

(b) BALLAD—" Now the Twilight."—Gretchen, Katrina, & Chorus (S.S.).




pa-nion? No, that were un - kind! . . . . . .
KATRINA.
What I don't quite un - der - stand,
Is the need for lamps in hand,
See - ing 'tis a man we're af - ter,
TUTTI.
See- ing 'tis a man we're af - ter!
dolce.
KATRINA.
If to lure a man I'd try,
All the lamp I'd light's my eye!
Other hunt's but food for laugh - ter,
TUTTI.
O-ther hunt's but food for laugh - ter!
dolce.
KATRINA.
Where is Rip's wife? Lost, on my life!


Tutti.
piu lento.
Gretch - en, ho! . . . Gretchen, ho!
1mo tempo.
Tutti.
piu lento.
Gretch - en, ho! . . . Gretchen, ho!
f
f
piu animato.
Katrina.
Ah! you're there at last!
Gretchen.
Have you
(enter Gretchen.)
dolce.
seen him? Ah! your good news don't be de - lay - ing!
Tutti.
Not yet!
not yet!
Gretchen.
Where e - ver can poor Rip be stray - ing?
He sure must hear?
Tutti.
He must be near!
(Bell off pp.)


KATRINA. Moderato. quasi allegretto.
Hark! was-n't that the vil - lage chime? If so, I'd state, Girls, it is late! And to re-turn it
is full time, Or look out for lec - tures, and lock'd gate! My dear, come too, You've done, 'tis true, More
(to GRET.)
for your husband than he'd do . . . . for you!
GRETCHEN.
Not yet! At least with me you might
BALLAD—"Now the Twilight."
Wish the wea-ry wan - der - er Good Night!
Moderato pastorale.
(Village bells in distance.)


GRETCHEN.
Now the twi light sha - dows are steal ing O - ver the vil - lage more and
R.H.
marcato il canto.
L.H.
more, But yet a deep - er sha - dow I'm feel - ing, Dark-'ning a - round my cot - tage
piu animato.
door ! Ah ! how ea ger - ly I would lis - ten Till his fa - mil iar
piu animato.
riten.
meno mosso.
rit.
voice I'd hear ! And my glad eyes with joy - drops would glis - ten, But now with a tear . . .
rit.
meno mosso.
rit.


tempo.
. . . . Where - so - e - ver thou may'st roam, ... Far from the
tempo.
lov'd ones, Far from thy home, May Hope re - turn with morn - ing light, Heav'n
mf
p
a piacere.
give thee Good Night, . . . my own, Good Night! Good Night! . . . .
Where - so - e - ver thou may'st roam, ...
p
pp
colla parte.
tempo.
May Hope re - turn with
Far from the lov'd ones, Far from thy home, May Hope re - turn with
Ped.
Ped.


dim.
morn - ing light! Heav'n give thee Good Night, my own, Good Night! . . . .
morn - ing light! Good Night! . . . .
pp
pp
Ped.
GRETCHEN.
2. Now the peace - ful ves - pers are ring - ing Good will to earth from heav'n a - bove,
R.H.
marcato il canto.
L.H.
This is the hour that should now be bring - ing Heart close to heart in per - fect love!
piu animato.
riten.
meno mosso.
But the sa - cred lit - a - ny steal - ing, Re - qui - em - like, o'er part - ing day, To my
piu animato.
rit.
rit.
tempo.
spi - rit, a - las! brings no heal - ing, For he is a - way! . . . . . Where - so -
meno mosso.
rit.
tempo.


- e - ver thou may'st roam, . . . Far from the lov'd ones, Far from thy home, May Hope re -
p
a piacere.
- turn with morn - ing light, Heav'n give thee Good Night, . . my own, Good Night !
Where - so - e - ver
p
pp colla parte.
tempo.
Good Night ! . . .
May Hope re -
thou may'st roam, ... Far from the lov'd ones, Far from thy home, May Hope re -
Ped.
Ped.
dim.
- turn with morn - ing light! Heav'n give thee Good Night! my own, Good Night ! . .
- turn with morn - ing light! Good Night ! . .
pp
pp
ppp
Ped.
*

No. 10½. EXIT.—(S.S.)



No. 11. PATROL CHORUS—"The Night is Dark."—(T.T.B.B.)




What's that with-in the brake?... 'Twas
What's that with-in the brake?... 'Twas
on-ly our mis-take! The night is dark and low'r-ing, As we the pass are scour-ing, Poor
on-ly our mis-take! Night's low'r-ing, As we the pass are scour-ing, Poor
Rip we search for still, Al-though we're men un-daunt-ed, We
Rip we search for still, And much a-gainst our will! un-daunt-ed, We
know this place is haunt-ed, And 'tis not ve-ry clear, Ah!
know this place is haunt-ed, And 'tis not ve-ry clear, Who may be lurk-ing near! Ah!
p
mf
pp
f

No. 12. DUTCH FABLE—"The Artful Crow."—(Vedder, Katrina, Knickerbocker, & Burgomaster.)




KAT.
KNICK.
VED. & BURG.
seed is sown for you to peck, and if you don't know where, Ob-serve the friend-ly farm -er fix - ing up his an - nual scare, So that
on! (he cries) and thank me that such feed-ing you have found;"Then dab! went each con-fid - ing bill up - on the flin - ty ground, Sur -
pp
KAT.
KAT. (Imitating young rook.)
Caw! Caw!
KNICK.
VED. & BURG.
VED. (Imitating old crow.)
when you see an old dress coat and hat up - on a stick,
- pris'd they cock'd their heads a - side, then dab! they went a - gain,
Caw! Caw!
(Embouchure de clarinette.)
Crow cadenza ad lib.
Contrebasse & Bassoon.


KAT.
Go it! my mer - ry cro - cus - es, for there the corn is thick!
Then caw'd a com - mi - na - tion ser-vice—for there was no grain!
KNICK.
Go it! my mer - ry cro - cus - es, for there the corn is thick!
Then caw'd a com - mi - na - tion ser-vice—for there was no grain!
VED. & BURG.
pp tempo.
Go it! my mer - ry cro - cus - es, for there the corn is thick! Go it! my mer - ry cro - cus - es, for there the corn is thick!
Then caw'd a com - mi - na - tion ser-vice—for there was no grain! Then caw'd a com - mi - na - tion ser-vice—for there was no grain!
Picc.
pizz. pp
Bassn.
KAT.
(Oh! fair are the fields in Ap -
KNICK.
(Oh! fair are the fields in Ap -
VED. & BURG.
2. Un - for - tu-nate - ly for this plan, the far - mer o-ver-heard,
4. Then they tried an-o-ther scarecrow, where a brickfield once had been,
(Oh! fair are the fields in Ap -
(This symphony is omitted in representation.)
pizz.


KAT.
- rile !)
(Oh ! why is the world so full of guile ?)
KNICK.
- rile !)
(Oh ! why is the world so full of guile ?)
VED. & BURG. VED.
VEDDER.
- rile !)
And it seems he knew the lin - go of that an -cient, art -ful, bird,
And peck'd and dabb'd with what results al- rea - dy has been seen,
(Oh ! why is the world so full of guile ?)
For he
As they
KAT.
KNICK.
VED. & BRUG.
took a - way each old dress coat, he took a- way each hat, And much the mind bu - co - lic won-der'd what he could be at ; Then he
gave it up, and to their nest with bro-ken beaks flew slow, You should have heard the lan- guage of the ven - er -a - ble crow, And his
pp


KAT.
KAT. (Imitating young rook.)
Caw! Caw!
KNICK.
VED. & BURG.
VED. (Imitating old crow.)
set them up on flin - ty roads, on dust - heaps, and in weeds,
rag - ged sen - ti - nels the far - mer shift - ed back a - gain,
Caw! Caw!
But
And
(Embouchure de clarinette.)
Crow cadenza ad lib.
Contrebasse & Bassoon.
KAT.
But ne - ver left a sin - gle scare-crow in a-mong the seeds!
And not a rook e'er came with-in a fur - long of his grain!
1st.
2nd.
KNICK.
But ne - ver left a sin - gle scare-crow in a-mong the seeds!
And not a rook e'er came with-in a fur - long of his grain!
tempo. VED. & BURG.
ne - ver left a sin-gle scarecrow in a-mong the seeds! But ne - ver left a sin - gle scare-crow in a-mong the seeds!
not a rook e'er came within a fur-long of his grain! And not a rook e'er came with-in a fur - long of his grain!

No. 13. TRIO—"Now Won't you Come?"—Gretchen, Rip, & Derrick.




GRETCHEN (singing to
dolce. RIP across DERRICK).
RIP.
Yes! I can laugh! . . . .
Oh! trust me
. . . now I can laugh! . . . Yes! I can laugh! . . . .
legato.
still, nor doubt I love thee, By the blue hea - ven bent a -
poco piu.
poco piu.
- bove thee, Yes! come what may, I'll love my love al - way! . . . . .
rit.
lunga.
pp moderato.
RIP. pp
Mine a - lone! mine a - lone!
DERRICK. pp
Mine a - lone! mine a - lone!
lunga.
rit.
pp moderato.
Ped.
G.
To him I've spo - ken, Al - most heart - bro - ken! Yes! I'm his all a - lone!
R.
Rap - ture, she's all my own! All mine own, and mine a - lone! Yes! she's mine, mine a - lone!
D.
Rap - ture, she's all my own! All mine own, and mine a - lone! Yes! she's mine, mine a - lone!
cres.
cres.
cres.
cres.


G.
R.
D.
I must own!
Now to
tempo.
pp
She must own!
Now to part, now to part, Now to
a piacere.
tempo.
pp
She must own! Mine, mine a - lone! Now to part, now to part, Now to
colla parte.
tempo.
p
pp
part! Now to part, tho' it breaks my heart!
part! Go! sweet - heart! Fare-well! fare-well!
part! Come! sweet - heart!
p colla parte.
pp
dolce sempre.
A - las! from thee, love, I must go! My love!
And whis - per low One lov - ing word be - fore I go!
Now come, my love, ... we'll go! My love!
p


a piacere.
G.
A - las! from thee I now must go! No o - ther
R.
My love! One lov - ing word be - fore you go! No o - ther
D.
My love! To - ge - ther let . . . . . . us go!
colla parte.
pp rall. molto.
love my heart will know! I must go! . . No o - ther love my heart will
pp
love thy heart will know! Whis - per low! . . No o - ther love thy heart will
Come, let's go! . .
colla voce.
ppp
know... Ev - er know!
ppp
know... Ev - er know!
ppp
Let us go!
pp
dolce.
(Exeunt GRETCHEN & DERRICK.)
pp

No. 14. ECHO SONG—Rip van Winkle & Chorus (S.T.B.).




p RIP (shaking head).
Ah! ye are but fan - cies and air! . . . . But
(CHORUS off.)
p SOPRANOS.
Laugh - ter!
Dare! . . . .
p TENORS.
Laugh - ter!
Dare! . . . .
p BASSES.
Laugh - ter!
now 'tis the hour for an or - i - son! or - i - son!
(laughing.)
Or a song! Or a song!
Or a song! Or a song!
Or a song! Or a song!


f Vivace.
Tra la la la! . . . . La la la la la la la la la! . . . .
pp
La la la la!
pp
La la la la!
pp
La la la la!
pp
Vivace.
mf
Tra la la la! . . . . La la la la la la la la la! . . . .
pp
La la la la!
pp
La la la la!
pp
La la la la!
mf
pp


Tra la la la! tra la la la! Tra la la la la la la! . . . la la
Tra la la la! tra la la la!
Tra la la la! tra la la!
Tra la la la! tra la la!
la! . . . .
(RIP plays on shepherd's pipe and listens to echoes.)
Tra . . la la la! . .
Tra . . la la la! . .
Tra . . la la la! . .
(in orchestra.)
(echo off.)
(in orchestra.)
(echo off.)
(in orchestra.)
(echo.)
(orchestra.)
rit.
rit.

No. 14½. MELODRAME—(The Demon Dwarf).





SCENE II.

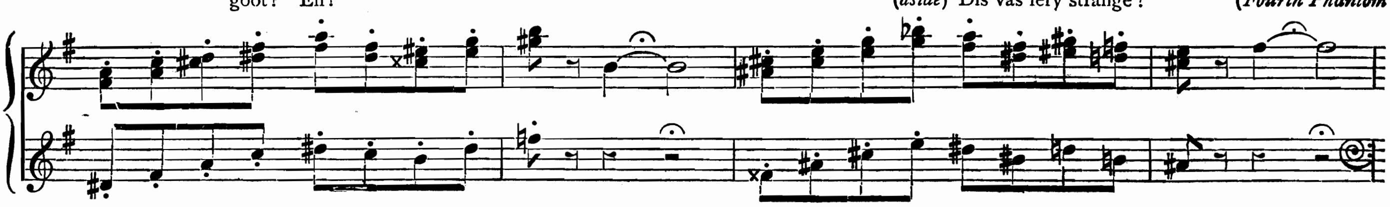
No. 15. (a) SCENE & CHORUS—"The Phantoms."
(b) SEA SONG—"Blow high, Blow low!"—Hudson, Rip, & Chorus, S.S.T.B.



(*First Phantom appears.*) RIP.—"Oh! How you vas, Mynheer? I did not—verstand."—— —— (*Second Phantom*



rises.) RIP.—"Oh! Ein oder gentlemanns: Die oder gentlemann's bruder. How *you* vas, Mynheer? (*nods*) Your healts vas goot? Eh?" (*Third Phantom rises.*) RIP.—"Oh! oh! Ein oder gentlemanns. Ein bruder too. All die families. How you vas, likevise, too, Mynheer? (*aside*) Dis vas fery strange! (*Fourth Phantom*



appears.) RIP.—"Oh! oh! Vat a families! Bardon me, Mynheer, but vas dere much more of you? (*General appearance of the entire Phantom crew. Last of all in front—Hudson and his officers appear.*




Largo. à bouche fermée.
SOPRANOS.
Ah! . . .
ah! . . . .
à bouche fermée.
TENORS.
BASSES.
RIP.—"Vell! I declare—I vas as surprise as never vas!"
All menace RIP with extended arm.)
ff
Largo.
sfz
8va
poco rit.
(RIP nods, smiles, and offers hand to the phantoms, who remain fixed menacing him.)


Rip (walking about).
Moderato quasi allegretto.
You're ve - ry good... And friend - ly, I dare say...
But I won't in - trude, . . So will bid you good-day!
(The phantoms bend forward still more menacingly.)
No, no! . . Don't look at me like that!
ad lib.
But on - ly say... what you're at?
più animato.
ff
p
No - thing to say? No - thing to say?


Who . . . . are you, a - ny way?
Say!
dim.
pp
(Diabolical laughter.)
SOPRANOS.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
TENORS.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
BASSES.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Allegro con fuoco.
fff
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
HUDSON.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Who are we?

(b) SEA SONG—"Blow high, Blow low!"




scen - - - - do.
ff
tempo.
mist and foam, Seek we our home! . . Ah! Blow high,
scen - - - - - - do.
dim.
blow low, Mer - ri - ly o'er the deep we go, . . Yo - - ho! Yo - - ho!
What care we what breez - es blow?
SOPRANOS.
Blow high, blow low, Mer - ri - ly o'er the
TENORS.
Blow high, blow low, Mer - ri - ly o'er the
BASSES.
Blow high, blow low, Mer - ri - ly o'er the


HUDSON.
What care we, . . What
deep we go, . . Yo - ho! Yo - ho! What
deep we go, . . Yo - ho! Yo - ho! What
deep we go, . . Yo - ho! Yo - ho! What
ff
f
care we what breez - es blow! . . .
care we what breez - es blow! . . .
care we what breez - es blow! . . .
care we what breez - es blow! . . .
Ped.

No. 16. NINE-PINS SONG & CHORUS—"On the Grassy Banks of Scheldt."
2nd Lieutenant & Chorus, S.S.T.B.




old to smoke, the young to play! Of all games that give a zest To pipes and beer Nine-pins are best!
Set them up! the cham-pion call, Now toe the mark and poise the ball! There! it rolls like
thun-der, Rends the pins a-sun-der! Down—down they go!......
cre - - scen - -
SOPRANOS.
(à bouche fermée.)
Ah! . . . . . .
TENORS.
(à bouche fermée.)
Ah! . . . . . .
BASSES.
(à bouche fermée.)
Ah! . . . .


- - - do.
Allegro.
All nine lie low! . . Live the game of Nine - pins! The fine old game of Nine - pins!
Ah! . . .
Ah! . . . . .
Ah! . . .
p Allegro.
By the banks of Scheldt we played them, Ah! long time a - go! . . (Live the game of Nine - pins! The
fine old game of Nine - pins!) While the eld - ers quaff'd and smok'd, wise and slow!


Chorus. Sopranos.
Live the game of Nine - pins, The fine old game of Nine - pins, By the banks of
Tenors.
Live the game of Nine - pins, The fine old game of Nine - pins, By the banks of
Basses.
Live the game of Nine - pins, The fine old game of Nine - pins, By the banks of
2nd Lieut.
Live the game of Nine - pins! The
Scheldt we play'd them, ah! long time a - go! . . . Live the game of Nine - pins! The
Scheldt we play'd them, ah! long time a - go! Live the game of Nine - pins! The
Scheldt we play'd them, ah! long time a - go! . . . Live the game of Nine - pins! The
fine old game of Nine - pins, That we play'd and lov'd, ah! long a - go!
fine old game of Nine - pins, That we play'd, . . ah! long a - go!
fine old game of Nine - pins, That we play'd, . . ah! long a - go!
fine old game of Nine - pins, That we play'd, . . ah! long a - go!



2ND LIEUTENANT.
Meno mosso.
When we left the low Dutch strand, And with it all the joys of land! "Fare-well all!" then did we say, "We've done with Nine-pins many a day!" But our skip-per cried "Not so! you'll have a game be-fore you know!
There's a ship! To quar-ters call, They're the pins, and you've the ball! Let it roll like thun-der! Tear their planks a-sun-der! Down—down they go!"...
cre - - scen - -
Meno mosso.
SOPRANOS.
(à bouche fermée.)
Ah!
TENORS.
(à bouche fermée.)
Ah!
BASSES.
(à bouche fermée.)
Ah!


- - - do.
Allegro.
All now lie low! . . Live the game of Nine - pins! The fine old game of Nine - pins!
Ah! . . . .
Ah! . . . . .
Ah! . . .
p Allegro.
By the banks of Scheldt we played them, Ah! long time a - go! . . (Live the game of Nine - pins! The
fine old game of Nine - pins!) While the eld - ers quaff'd and smok'd, wise and slow!


Chorus. Sopranos.
Live the game of Nine - pins, The fine old game of Nine - pins, By the banks of
Tenors.
Live the game of Nine - pins, The fine old game of Nine - pins, By the banks of
Basses.
Live the game of Nine - pins, The fine old game of Nine - pins, By the banks of
2nd Lieut.
Live the game of Nine - pins! The
Scheldt we play'd them, ah! long time a - go! . . . Live the game of Nine - pins! The
Scheldt we play'd them, ah! long time a - go! Live the game of Nine - pins! The
Scheldt we play'd them, ah! long time a - go! . . . Live the game of Nine - pins! The
fine old game of Nine - pins, That we play'd and lov'd, ah! long a - go!
fine old game of Nine - pins, That we play'd, . . ah! long a - go!
fine old game of Nine - pins, That we play'd, . . ah! long a - go!
fine old game of Nine - pins, That we play'd, . . ah! long a - go!

No. 17. SERENADE—"My Pipe!"—1st Lieutenant & Chorus, S.S.T.B.




South, ... From thy cool am - ber mouth, ... Let my fond grasp en - twine . . . .
(Bouche fermée.) 8va. lower.
Ah! . . . .
(Bouche fermée.)
Ah! . . . .
. . Thy slim fi - gure di - vine! . . . . Thy kind - ling eye, ... And thy o - dor - ous
8va. lower.
Ah! . . . .
sigh, ... Are more rap - tu - rous far, ay! far... Than a love told by light of the star!
rit.
8va. lower.
Ah! . . . .
tempo.
f
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.


O breathe full South, ... From thy cool am - ber mouth, ... Let my fond grasp en -
O breathe full South, Thy am - ber mouth,
O breathe full South, Thy am - ber mouth,
1st Lieutenant.
Thy kind - ling eye, ...
. twine . . . . . Thy slim fi - gure di - vine! . . . . . Thy kind - ling eye, ...
Let me en - twine Thy shape di - vine! Thy kind - ling
Let me en - twine Thy shape di - vine! Thy kind - ling
. And thy o - dor-ous sigh, . . . Are more rap - tur - ous far, ay! far... Than a love told by light of the
. . And thy o - dor-ous sigh, . . . Are more rap - tur - ous far, The
eye! Thy o - d'rous sigh, Ah! . . . . The
eye! Thy o - d'rous sigh, Ah! . . . . The


2ND VERSE.
star ! 2. Wo - men sometimes will prove un - kind, Ca - pri - cious beau - ty will be, I know, Poor man's tor-ment time out o'
star !
star !
star !
mind, Now warm as Ind, and now cold as snow ! But my pipe is mistress and friend. . . . . .
. . . . When love and il - lu - sion end ! My pipe ! my pipe ! . . . . . O breathe full


South, . . . From thy cool am - ber mouth, ... Let my fond grasp en - twine . . . .
(Bouche fermée.) 8va. lower.
Ah! . . . .
(Bouche fermée.)
Ah! . . . .
. . Thy slim fi - gure di - vine! . . . . Thy kind - ling eye, ... And thy o - dor - ous
8va. lower.
sigh, ... Are more rap - tu - rous far, ay! far... Than a love told by light of the star!
rit.
tempo.
f
Ped.
*


O breathe full South, ... From thy cool am - ber mouth, ... Let my fond grasp en -
O breathe full South, Thy am - ber mouth,
O breathe full South, Thy am - ber mouth,
1st Lieutenant.
Thy kind - ling eye, ...
- twine . . . . . Thy slim fi - gure di - vine! . . . . . Thy kind - ling eye, ...
Let me en - twine Thy shape di - vine! Thy kind - ling
Let me en - twine Thy shape di - vine! Thy kind - ling
or
. . And thy o - dor-ous sigh, ... Are more rap-tur-ous far, ay! far...Than a love told by light of the star!
. . And thy o - dor-ous sigh, ... Are more rap-tur-ous far, The star!
eye! Thy o-d'rous sigh, Ah! . . . . The star!
eye! Thy o-d'rous sigh, Ah! . . . . The star!

No. 18. PAS SEUL.—(a) Danse des Buveurs. (b) Pas de Fascination.



(a) Danse des Buveurs.





(b) Pas de Fascination.




ff
1st.
2nd.
ff
CODA. Piu animato.
ff
ff
Segue next No.

No. 19. FINALE, ACT II.—SESTETT & CHORUS—"Slumber, Mortal!"

(Tutti & Chorus.)




2ND L.
till thou'rt old! . . . . . Win - ter, sum mer, o'er thee pass,
3RD L.
till thou'rt old! . . . Win - ter, sum - mer, o'er thee pass,
4TH L.
till old! . . . . . Years o - ver thee will slow-ly pass,
1ST L.
till old! Years will o'er thee pass,
R.
H.
till old! . . . Years will o'er thee pass,
till thou'rt old! . . . . . Years, years o ver thee will slow-ly pass,
till old! . . . . . Years will o'er thee pass,
till old! Years will o'er thee pass,
3
3


2ND L.
poco rit.
Heat nor cold thou'lt know, a - las! Sleep, mor - tal, sleep! Slum - ber, slum ber,
3RD L.
Thou'lt not know, a las! Slum - ber, slum ber,
4TH L.
Thou'lt not know, a - las! Ah!
1ST L.
Thou'lt not know, a - las! Slum - - ber,
R.
(Half awaking.)
(Relapses.)
Ah, heav'n!
H.
Thou'lt not, not know, a - las! Slum - - ber,
Thou'lt not know, a - las! Ah! ah!
Thou'lt not know, a - las! Slum - - ber,
Thou'lt not know, a las! Slum - - ber,
colla voce.
p dolce.


2ND L.
mor - tal bold, Nor a - wa - ken till thou'rt old! . . .
3RD L.
mor - tal bold, Nor a - wa - ken till thou'rt old! . . .
4TH L.
mor - tal bold, Nor a - wake till old! . . .
1ST L.
mor - tal bold, Nor wake till old!
R.
H.
mor - tal bold, Yes, slumber, mor - tal bold, Nor wake till old! . . .
mor - tal bold, Wake not till thou'rt old! . . .
mor - tal bold, Nor wake till old! . . .
mor - tal bold, Nor wake till old!


2ND L.
dolce.
rit.
Win - ter, sum - mer, o'er thee pass. Thou . . . . . . wilt sleep
3RD L.
rit.
Win - ter, sum - mer, o'er thee pass, Thou . . wilt sleep .
4TH L.
rit.
Years o'er thee pass, Thou'lt sleep, wilt sleep
1ST L.
rit.
Years will o'er thee pass, Thou'lt sleep, wilt sleep
R.
H.
rit.
Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt still sleep on ! . . . . . . wilt sleep
Thou wilt sleep,
rit.
Years will o'er thee pass, Thou . . . wilt sleep
Thou . . . .
rit.
Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep, wilt sleep
rit.
Years will o'er thee pass Thou wilt sleep, wilt sleep
rit.
rit.
Ped.


2ND L.
on! Thy doom shall be . . . . to slum-ber on! . .
3RD L.
on! Thy doom shall be . . . to slum-ber on! . .
4TH L.
on! Thy doom shall be . . . to slum-ber on! . .
1ST L.
on! Thy doom shall be . . . to slum-ber on! . .
R.
RIP (half awaking).
I
H. Un poco animato.
on! Till twenty years . . are past and gone . . Thou . . shalt slum-ber on! . .
on! Thy doom shall be . . . to slum-ber on! . .
on! Thy doom shall be . . . to slum-ber on! . .
on! Thy doom shall be . . . to slum-ber on! . .
Misterioso.
2ND LIEUT.
3RD LIEUT.
When dead in dream - less sleep . . . Thy
R.
(half spoken.)
dream! . . . Gretch -en! Gretch - en! I rave!
Andante assai.
p
Ped.


1ST LIEUT.
wife for thee shall weep! . . Hap - py days of yore . . Thou shalt know . . ne - ver more!
I dream! Gretchen!
cre - - - scen - - - do.
Ped. Ped.
2ND L.
ad lib.
for - got! Slum - ber, slum - ber,
3RD L.
for - got! Slum - ber, slum - ber,
4TH L.
for - got! Ah!
1ST L.
ad lib.
for - got! Slum - ber,
R.
(RIP cries "Gretchen!" and falls motionless on stage.)
H.
stent.
Death in life be thy lot, For - get - ting and for - got! Slum - ber,
for - got! Ah! ah!
for - got! Slum - ber,
For - get - ting and for - got! Slum - ber,
1mo tempo.
f stent. ff Ped. p dolce.


2ND L.
mor - tal bold, Nor a - wa - ken till thou'rt old! . . .
3RD L.
mor - tal bold, Nor a - wa ken till thou'rt old! . . .
4TH L.
mor - tal bold, Nor a - wake till old! . . .
1ST L.
mor - tal bold, Nor wake till old!
R.
H.
mor - tal bold, Yes, slumber, mor - tal bold, Nor wake till old! . . .
mor - tal bold, Wake not till thou'rt old! . . .
mor - tal bold, Nor wake till old! . . .
mor - tal bold, Nor wake till old!


2ND L.
dolce.
rit.
Win - ter, sum - mer, o'er thee pass, Thou . . . . . . wilt sleep
3RD L.
rit.
Win - ter, sum - mer, o'er thee pass, Thou . . . wilt sleep
4TH L.
rit.
Years o'er thee pass, Thou'lt sleep, wilt sleep
1ST L.
rit.
Years will o'er thee pass, Thou'lt sleep, wilt sleep
R.
H.
rit.
Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt still sleep on! . . . . . wilt sleep
Thou wilt sleep,
rit.
Years will o'er thee pass, Thou . . . wilt sleep
Thou . . . .
rit.
Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep, wilt sleep
rit.
Years will o'er thee pass, Thou wilt sleep, wilt sleep
rit.
rit.
Ped.


2ND L.
on! . . .
3RD L.
on! . . .
4TH L.
on! . .
1ST L.
on! . . .
R.
H.
on! . . .
on! . . .
on! . . .
on! . . .
(The phantom crew still pointing at Rip van Winkle, commence slowly to sink through the stage.)
leggieramente.
p
(Stage empty—save for RIP, on whom shines a ray of moonlight. Curtain slow.)
8va.
arpa; dolce.
ppp
End of Act II.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

(a) ENTR'ACTE. (b) WOODCUTTERS' CHORUS.





CHORUS OF WOODCUTTERS* (Behind the Scenes).



* If possible this Chorus should be sung unaccompanied, or supported by instruments behind.


f
While our blows gai - ly ring, Let us sing! . . . . Yo - ho! . . . . Yo -
f
While our blows gai - ly ring, . . Let us sing! . . . . Yo - ho! . . . . Yo -
f
f
- ho! . . . . Soon up - on our raft we'll glide! . . . . Yo -
. ho! . . . . Soon up - on our raft we'll glide! . . . . Yo -
- ho! . . . . Yo - ho! . . . . On the migh - ty Hud-son's tide!
- ho! . . . . Yo - ho! . . . . On the migh - ty Hud-son's tide!
Ah! . . . . ah! . . . .
pp rall.
pp rall.
Ah! . . . .
p poco . a . poco morendo. pp
rall.
ppp

SCENE II.

No. 20. (a) ELECTION CHORUS—"Whatsoever may be Won."
(b) COUPLETS & ENSEMBLE—"Ladies Cannot sit in Congress."—
(Katrina & Chorus, S.S.T.B.)




his con - nec - tions, Though that's us - u - al - ly done! What - so - e - ver may be won, In this af - ter -
his con - nec-tions, Though that's us - u - al - ly done! What - so - e - ver may be won, In this af - ter -
his con - nec-tions, Though that's us - u - al - ly done! What - so - e - ver may be won, In this af - ter -
(The girls distribute blue and yellow rosettes to men and boys.)
- noon's e - lec - tions, Let us think of Wash - ing - ton, George Wash - ing - ton!
- noon's e lec - tions, Let us think of Wash - ing - ton, George Wash - ing - ton!
- noon's e - lec - tions, Let us think of Wash - ing - ton, George Wash - ing - ton!
3
dolce allegretto assai.
Lo! your co - lours, on to glo - ry, Whe - ther you be Whig or To - ry!
p Allegretto assai.


Ear - ly and of - ten vote, ... Let that be your key - note! . . . . .
TENORS.
p
Ear - ly and oft we'll
BASSES.
p
Ear - ly and oft we'll
Lo! your co-lours, on to glo - - ry, Whether you be Whig or To - - ry!
vote! . . . . . Blue or yel-low, on to glo - - ry, Whether we be Whig or
vote! . . . . . Blue or yel-low, on to glo - - ry, Whether we be Whig or
Ear - ly and of - ten vote, ... Let that be your key - note! . . . . .
To - - - ry! Ear - ly and oft we'll vote, That's our key - note! . . . . .
To - - - ry! . Ear - ly and oft we'll vote, That's our key - note! . . . . .


Thee, great Wash - ing - ton, we sing,
No more ruled by prince or king, Great Wash - ing - ton we sing,
No more ruled by prince or king, Not ruled by prince or king, Great Wash - ing - ton we sing,
Now we sing!
What - so - e - ver may be won, In this af - ter -
(Pointing to signboard.)
- noon's e - lec - tions, Let us think of Wash - ing - ton! Square and straight is Wash - ing - ton! Gives no place to


his con - nec - tions, Though that's us - u - al - ly done! What - so - e - ver may be won, In this af - ter -
his con - nec - tions, Though that's us u al - ly done! What - so - e - ver may be won, In this af - ter -
his con - nec - tions, Though that's us - u al - ly done! What - so - e - ver may be won, In this af - ter -
noon's e - lec - tions, Let us think of Wash - ing - ton, George Wash - ing ton!
noon's e - lec - tions, Let us think of Wash - ing ton, George Wash - ing - ton!
noon's e - lec - tions, Let us think of Wash - ing - ton, George Wash - ing - ton!
animato.
ff
(Enter KATRINA, dressed as a lady of quality, and accompanied by six others in full dress.)
ff


KATRINA.
Moderato semplice.
La - dies can-not sit in Con - gress, true! But at least we rule o'er them that do,
Moderato semplice.
p
Of- fice seekers, make no fuss, Come and pay your court to us; Government? 'tis we! As you will see!
ff
SOPRANOS.
La - dies can-not sit in Con - gress, true! But at least we rule o'er them that do,
p
Of- fice seekers, make no fuss, Come and pay your court to us; Government? 'tis we! As you will see!


TENORS.
f
Pure love of coun - try in - spires us, No thought of in - ter - est
BASSES.
f
Pure love of coun - try in - spires us, No thought of in - ter - est
8va.
f
fires us, But if a berth you see In Cus - toms, or may be, Post - mas-ter-ship, Re - mem - ber
pp
fires us, But if a berth you see In Cus - toms, or may be, Post -mas-ter-ship, Re - mem - ber
pp stacc.
KATRINA & SOPRANOS.
dolce.
La - dies can-not sit in Con - gress? True! But at
me! Pure love of coun - try in - spires us,
me! Pure love of coun - try in - spires us,
p
f


least we rule o'er them that do! Of - fice - seek - ers, make no fuss, Come and pay your court to us!
No thought of in - ter - est fires us, But if a berth you see, In Cus - toms,
No thought of in - ter - est fires us, But if a berth you see, In Cus - toms,
f
Go - vern - ment? 'Tis we! as you shall see! Vote ye then for whom you will, Con - gress men are
delicat.
or may be, Post - mas - ter - ship, re - mem - ber me!
or may be, Post - mas - ter - ship, re - mem - ber me!
delicat.
pup - pets still! E - lect the man of your de - sires, We'll pull the wires! Vote ye then for whom you will,
Vote we then for whom we will,
Vote we then for whom we will,


Con-gress men are pup - pets still ! E - lect the man of your de-sires, We still will pull, yes ! pull the wires ! Still we'll pull, yes !
Con-gress men are pup - pets still ! E - lect the man of our de-sires, They still will pull, yes ! pull the wires ! Still they'll pull, yes !
Con-gress men are pup - pets still ! E - lect the man of our de-sires, They still will pull, yes ! pull the wires ! Still they'll pull, yes !
pull the wires !
pull the wires !
pull the wires !
(Pointing to signboard.)
What - so - e - ver may be won, In this af - ter - noon's e - lec - tions, Let us think of Wash - ing - ton !
What - so - e - ver may be won, In this af - ter - noon's e - lec - tions, Let us think of Wash - ing - ton !
What - so - e - ver may be won, In this af - ter - noon's e - lec - tions, Let us think of Wash - ing - ton !


Square and straight is Wash - ing - ton! Gives no place to his con-nections, Though that's us - u - al - ly done! What-so - e - ver
may be won, In this af - ter - noon's e - lec - tions, Let us think of Wash-ing-ton, George Wash-ing - ton!
ff
f
(dialogue.)
p
pp

No. 21. RONDO—"Yes, No, and Nothing at all."—(Katrina & Chorus, S.S.)




p
In our time then, it lit - tle mat - ters, Dou - ble Dutch if the la - dy
baulk, Lan-guage that all lo - vers talk!
8va. loco.
cres. rit. a tempo.
chat - ters, But in court - ing our wo - man kind, Their top - og - ra-phy just bear in mind. The Bos - ton
Ped.
girls al-ways an - swer "No!" New York maidens al-ways an - swer "Yes!" But here - a - way, The lass - es
rit. tempo. f
they Just don't say a - nything and let you guess! The Bos - ton girls al-ways an - swer "No!" New York
The Bos - ton girls al-ways an - swer "No!" New York
maidens al-ways an - swer "Yes!" But here - a - way, The lass - es they Just don't say an - y-thing and let you guess!
Ped.


KATRINA.
2. Were I man, I'd ne'er be de - coy'd in Ar - dent
p
love with prude or with hoy - den, True with girls the pro - verb old— "Words are sil - vern, si - lence
ad lib.
gold!"
SOPRANOS. mf
2. Were I man, I'd ne'er be de - coy'd in Ar - dent love with prude or with hoy - den, True with girls the pro - verb
loco.
8va.
mf
p
Ped.
Glance and sigh need no trans - la - tion, Love's the same in ev - 'ry
old—"Words are sil - vern, si - lence gold!"
8va.
loco.
p


cres.
rit.
tempo.
na - tion, But in court - ing our wo - man - kind, Their top - og - ra-phy just bear in mind . The Bos - ton
cres.
rit.
Ped.
tempo.
girls al-ways an - swer "No!" New York maidens al-ways an - swer "Yes!" But here - a - way, The lass - es
p
rit.
tempo.
they Just don't say a - nything and let you guess! The Bos - ton girls al-ways an - swer "No!" New York
f
The Bos - ton girls al-ways an - swer "No!" New York
rit.
tempo.
senza rit.
f
rit.
tempo.
mai-dens al-ways an - swer "Yes!" But here - a - way, the lass - es they Just don't say a - ny-thing and let you guess!
rit.
tempo.
mai-dens al-ways an - swer "Yes!" But here - a - way, the lass - es they Just don't say a - ny-thing and let you guess!
rit.
tempo.
Ped.

No. 22. LETTER SONG—"True Love from o'er the Sea."—(Alice.)




piu.
tempo 1mo.
rall.
now what will, He lives and loves me still! . . . Loves me still! Loves me still! Ah!
8va.
colla parte.
tempo 1mo.
rall.
dolce.
True love from o'er the sea, I long for thee, Come back to me . . . Wand - 'rer o'er
marcato la melodia.
an - gry foam, Come! make my lov-ing heart thy home! Ah! . . . . Come
animato.
mf
back to me! Wand - 'rer o'er an - gry foam, Make this lov - ing heart thy home!


Opening letter.) 2. Ah, me! a
fight a-gain! A wreck toss'd on the main! Then in strange pri-son ly - - ing,
With wounded and with dy - - ing! Nought but sor - row ev - 'ry where, Sor - row and de-spair! (Reads again.)
piu animato.
Yet no, a-gain he's free! He's com-ing back to Ah! a-
piu animato.
p


piu.
tempo 1mo.
rall.
- way with pain, my brave boy comes a - gain! Comes a - gain! Comes a - gain! Ah!
8va.
colla parte.
tempo 1mo.
rall.
True love from o'er the sea, I long for thee, Come back to me! Wan - d'rer o'er
marcato. la melodia.
an - gry foam, Come! make my lov-ing heart thy home! Ah! . . . . Come
animato.
mf
back to me! Wan - d'rer o'er an gry foam, Make this lov - ing heart thy home!
pes.
colla voce.
pp

No. 23. HAMMOCK SONG & CHORUS—"Rock'd upon the Billow!"
(Lieutenant van Slous & Chorus.)




dolce. pes. tempo.
Ah! . . . . Ah! rock'd up - on the bil - low, To slum - ber by the an - gry
pes. tempo.
rit.
storm, . . In fair dream to my pil - low, Come many a dear and va - nish'd
sfz
rit.
pes. tempo. dolce.
form. . . Ah! rock'd up - on the bil - low, To slum - ber by the an - gry
sfz
sfz pes. tempo. dolce.
ris.
storm, . . In fair dream to my pil - low, Come many a dear and va - nish'd
ris.


form !
SOPRANOS.
p
Ah! rock'd up - on the bil - low, To slum - ber by the an - gry
TENORS.
p
Ah ! rock'd up - on the bil - low, To slum - ber by the an - gry
BASSES.
p
Ah ! rock'd up - on the bil - low, To slum - ber by the an - gry
p
In fair dream to my pil - low, Comes a lov'd form ! 2. To
storm ! . . In fair dream to his pil - low, Comes a lov'd form !
storm ! . . In fair dream to his pil - low, Comes a lov'd form !
storm ! . . In fair dream to his pillow, Comes a lov'd form !
ff


sea - men death or dan - ger Sel - dom is a stran - ger, Watch or sleep! From gulf of wa - ter un - der,
To the bat - tle's thun - der, O'er the deep! . . . Foe - men may start from ev - 'ry wave,
And ev - 'ry bil - low be his grave! But e'en when death or dan - ger's near, The thought of home his heart will
cheer! Tho' death and dan - ger may be near, Yet thoughts of home his heart will cheer!


dolce. pes. tempo.
Ah! . . . . Ah! rock'd up - on the bil - low, To slum - ber by the an - gry
pes. tempo.
storm, . . In fair dream to my pil - low, Come many a dear and va - nish'd
rit.
sfz
form. . . Ah! rock'd up - on the bil - low, To slum - ber by the an - gry
pes. tempo. dolce.
storm, . . In fair dream to my pil - low, Come many a dear and va - nish'd
ris.


form !
SOPRANOS.
Ah! rock'd up - on the bil - low, To slum - ber by the an - gry
TENORS.
Ah! rock'd up - on the bil - low, To slum - ber by the an - gry
BASSES.
Ah! rock'd up - on the bil - low, To slum - ber by the an - gry
In fair dream to my pil - low, Comes a lov'd form !
storm ! . . In fair dream to his pil - low, Comes a lov'd form !
storm ! . . In fair dream to his pil low, Comes a lov'd form !
storm ! . . In fair dream to his pillow, Comes a lov'd form !

No. 23½. MELODRAME.

(*Entrance of* Rip van Winkle.)



(Rip *enters slowly* L., *over bridge. He stops* C., *looks round curiously on village; then descends slowly to stage, and reaches well down* R.C. *on last bar.*)



No. 24. SONG—"Truth in the Well."—Rip.




for my glass. Of good wine be - reft, With not a cro - ny left,
It is not a lov - ing - cup I quaff— a las!
(He looks into bucket and starts.)
Ped. un poco animato.
Ah! me! What is't I see? Dull eye, white hair, and wrink - led
brow? . . No, no! poor Rip, it is not thou, it is not thou! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
poco rit.
poco rit.


tempo 1mo.
Who that old man was I can - not guess, But in wat - er I be - lieve so much the
tempo 1mo.
less...... Yet man - kind, time out of mind, The ly - ing le - gend told and tell, That Truth lives at the bot - tom
piu mosso. pp
piu mosso. pp
of a well!
2. In
tr
wine, they say, de - cep - tion e - ver lurks, And trou - - ble, And
p


trou - - ble! That to - - pers, when the sub - tle po - tion works, See
dou - - ble, See dou - - ble! Well, it may be so! (In -
colla voce.
- deed it's true, I know!) But has wat - er then the same ef - fect?
If not, who was he A - star - ing so at me, That the crys - tal wa - ter did but
(Looking again into bucket.)
now re - flect? Yes! yes!
un poco animato.
Ped.



He's there a - gain! Dull eye, white hair, and wrin - kled brow! . . . No, no! poor
poco rit.
Rip, it is not thou, it is not thou! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Who that old man was I
poco rit.
can - not guess, But in wat - er I be lieve so much the less, . .
piu mosso. pp
Yet man-kind, time out of mind, The ly - ing le - gend told and tell, That Truth lives at the bot - tom
piu mosso. pp
tr
of a well!

No. 25. TRIO—"I Know you not!"—(Alice, van Slous, & Rip.)




Piu mosso.
daugh - ter! I, thy daugh - ter? The world and time have made Thy in - tel - lect to
child!
Piu mosso.
(To VAN SLOUS.) animato.
tot - ter, Thy me - mo - ry's de - cay'd! Oh, cru - el! sad! The old man's
animato.
ALICE.
mad! A cru - el lot
VAN S.
A cru el lot
RIP. (overhearing ALICE).
No, no! I am not mad! A cru - el lot


A.
and sad! The old man's mad! . . . . . . The
V. S.
and sad! The old man's mad! . . . . . . The
(with ALICE.)
R.
and sad, To be thought mad! . . . . Her
A.
snow-white locks down flow - ing, The sad lack - lus - tre eye, . . . A - non with mad - ness glow - ing, Tell
V. S.
snow-white locks down flow - ing, The sad lack - lus - tre eye, . . . A - non with mad - ness glow - ing, Tell
R.
flax - en locks down flow - ing, Her bright and speak-ing eye, . . . With love and pi - ty glow ing, Bring
A.
of the days gone by! Of love, and home, and hope, gone by! . . . If
V. S.
of the days gone by! Of love, and home, and hope, . . . gone by! If
(with AL.)
R.
back the days gone by! Bring back the home and hope gone by! . . . Ah!


A.
fan - cy be re - call - ing One dis - tant sun - ny gleam, If peace be on him fall - ing, Oh!
V. S.
fan - cy be re - call - ing One dis - tant sun - ny gleam, If peace be on him fall - ing, Oh!
R.
mem - 'ry be re - call - ing A dis - tant sun - ny gleam, Peace on my mind is fall - ing, And
ben marcato.
A.
let the old man dream!
V. S.
let the old man dream!
R.
oh! 'tis not a dream!
All
un poco rit.
pizz.
here seems new and strange, Then how . . . re - call the past?


rit.
Ah! I know! . . . the songs! . . . . The hap-py songs we sung . . . . long, long a-
p colla voce.
dolce.
ALICE.
-go! . . . . Re-call the songs . . . . of long a-
pizz.
-go?
VAN S.
Let him rave… bet-ter so!
RIP. (aside).
I can think no strain up-
ALICE (aside).
Poor wan-der'd brain! . . What was not,
rit.
VAN S. (aside).
-on! . . My mem-'ry's gone! . . Poor wan-der'd brain! . . What was not,
rit.


A
can - not come a - gain! . . . .
p
In vain, in vain!
V. S.
can - not come a - gain! . . . .
p
In vain, in vain!
R.
(He tries to recall a phrase.)
These lit - tle heads...
These lit - tle
p pizz.
A.
p
Poor wea - ry brain! . .
V. S.
p
Poor wea - ry brain! . .
R.
heads, . .
Ah! . . . . . at last! . . . . .
These lit - tle
Moderato con espressione.
A.
Spoken.
What!
V. S.
Spoken.
What!
R.
heads now gold - en, Silvered one day may be. Trembling, and frail, and


A.
p
That song! . .
That song! . .
V. S.
That song! . .
That song! . .
R.
old - en, (That day I may not see!) But tho' flow - - ers may pe - rish, And tho'
A.
Si-lent for so long, Will stay in mem - 'ry
Con fuoco.
V. S.
Si-lent for so long, Will stay in mem - 'ry
R.
youth may de - cay, Still your love, dear ones, cher - - ish, For love is young for
f
animato.
ff
A.
aye! We'll love each o-ther, and for aye! We'll love each o-ther, and for aye! . .
V. S.
aye! We'll love each o-ther, and for aye! We'll love each o-ther, and for aye! . .
R.
aye! We'll love each o-ther, and for aye! We'll love each o-ther, and for aye! . .

No. 26. CHORUS—"Some Say."—(S.S.T.B.)




p'raps some fight - ing! Will the To - ries win? Yes! Will the Whigs be beat? A - ny - how we'll
p'raps some fight - ing! Will the To - ries win? Will the Whigs be beat? No! A - ny - how we'll
p'raps some fight - ing! Will the To - ries win? Will the Whigs be beat? No! A - ny - how we'll
give our - selves a treat! . . Some say, now that the vot - ing is done, The fin - ish will be ex -
give our - selves a treat! . .
give our - selves a treat! . .
- cit - ing, So we run here to see the fun, And p'raps some fight - ing!
So we run here to see the fun, And p'raps some fight - ing!
So we run here to see the fun, And p'raps some fight - ing!

No. 27. FINALE—Tutti e Coro.




Some-where are at hand! . . . .
SOPRANOS.
He
TENORS.
He
BASSES.
He
senza ritard.
ALICE.
Oh! be-ware! take care, take care! If so be thou wert by the dark . . glen stray-ing! Ne-ver
stent.
raves!
raves!
raves!
p
colla parte.


more thou'lt wan - der there, By the tran - cèd so - li - tude spell-bound de - lay - ing! Here at
pp
Here at
pp
Here at
pp
Here at
pp
length wilt thou find rest, Let the long - for - got - ten past . . . glide by, On thy
stent.
3
pp
length wilt thou find rest, On thy
pp
length wilt thou find rest, On thy
pp
length wilt thou find rest, On thy
colla parte.


TUTTI. (Principals with chorus.)
daugh - ter's lov - ing breast, From thee will the cru - el phan-toms fade and die! Oh, be - ware! take care, take
daugh - ter's lov - ing breast, fade and die! Oh, be - ware! take care, take
daugh - ter's lov - ing breast, fade and die! Oh, be - ware! take care, take
daugh - ter's lov - ing breast, fade and die! Oh, be - ware! take care, take
p
ff
care! If so be thou wert by the dark . . glen stray - ing, Ne - ver more thou'lt wan-der there, By the tran-cèd
care! If so be thou wert by the dark . . glen stray - ing, Ne - ver more thou'lt wan- der there, By the tran-cèd
care! If so be thou wert by the dark . . glen stray - ing, Ne - ver more thou'lt wan - der there, By the tran-cèd
care! If so be thou wert by the dark . . glen stray - ing, Ne - ver more thou'lt wan- der there, By the tran-cèd



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